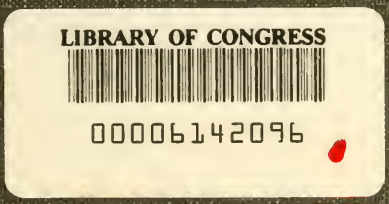

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPEECH OF HON. S. D. FESS, OF OHIO, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914.

MARCH 12, 1914.—Ordered to be printed.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

God our Father, make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln, a great soul whom Thou didst send into the world with a destiny to fulfill, not only for his people but for all the world; a superb intellect; a heart of love; a divination which enabled him to see far beyond the vision of his contemporaries; a courage which swept him on without fear where others faltered; a faith which in the darkest hours failed him not. Surely he belongs to the ages, will live in the ages, and while he lives this Republic will live to bless mankind. "O Lord, God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget" his sublime example and the stupendous work he accomplished, "That government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

The SPEAKER. By special order, the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. FESS] is permitted to address the House for 30 minutes on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.]

Mr. FESS. Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, I esteem it no small privilege or little honor to be permitted to speak to this group of legislators upon what I regard as one of the most remarkable characters in human history. Just 53 years ago yesterday, standing upon the platform of a train that was to bear him to Washington, Abraham Lincoln addressed a large concourse of people in his city of Springfield, in which address he said:

Will you not pray for me that the same Arm that supported the great Washington may be my support? For with that support I can accomplish my duty; without it I can not do anything.

The train stopped at the little town of Tolono, where, as in every town through which the train passed, a large concourse of people gathered. The train stopped for the engine to take water. Mr. Lincoln was not expected to speak, but finally he did respond to the great cry of the people who had gathered, and came out on the platform and said:

I am upon a journey fraught with a great deal of concern to you and to me. May the words of the poet still be true, "Behind the clouds the sun is still shining." Good-by. God bless you.

He then resumed his seat in the train.

Some men make their place in history by notable utterances, others by notable deeds. Few in the world's history have the credit of both, and to that class belongs Abraham Lincoln. At an early time in his political career, speaking upon the most sensitive question before the country then or since, he showed his courage by saying:

> Broken by it I, too, may be; bow to it, I never will. The probability that we may fail in a worthy cause is not a sufficient justification for our refusing to support it.

In 1855, in a letter to Judge Robertson, of Kentucky, he said:

> The one question that wears upon me is, Can our country permanently endure half slave and half free? It is too much for me. May God in his mercy superintend the solution.

Three years later, in 1858, in a convention in Springfield, Ill., where he was nominated for the position of Senator—for the seat then occupied by Douglas—he announced the same principle, "I do not believe that this Government can permanently endure half slave and half free." This announcement sounded like a fire bell would sound at the hour of midnight in a country village. It was taken up by the entire country. It was quoted in the London Times and other publications of Europe. It was pronounced by many of our statesmen as revolutionary. Stephen A. Douglas, one of the brainiest men of the country, and one of the most courageous as well as patriotic, believed that it was a dangerous doctrine, and announced that he would reply to it in his home city of Chicago on the 9th of July.

Mr. Lincoln went to Chicago to be present on that occasion. He heard one of the most powerful arguments against his position that probably could be made. At the close of that meeting he arose and, in substance, said:

> I shall be here to-morrow night at which time I will pay my respects to my friend, the judge, who has charged me with an attempt to array one section of the country against the other. I hope some of you will come out to hear my side of the story.

The next night Mr. Lincoln greeted a great audience, upon which he made a profound impression. When Mr. Douglas went to Bloomington, Ill., to speak, Mr. Lincoln followed him. Mr. Douglas noticed while he was speaking that Mr. Lincoln was in his audience again. He referred to the fact with some feeling. On the afternoon of the 17th of July Mr. Douglas spoke in Springfield, and on that night Mr. Lincoln also spoke. Then Mr. Lincoln wrote a challenge to Mr. Douglas; asked him to go on the same platform with him, divide the time, and discuss the question. The result of this was that a series of debates, seven in number, the most notable in American political history, was arranged. In the debate, when Mr. Douglas propounded a series of questions to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln replied to them categorically, and then propounded a series, and dwelt upon one as the key to the entire situation. That question was:

> Can the people of a Territory in any lawful manner against the wishes of the citizens of any of the States exclude slavery from within its limit prior to the adoption of a State constitution?

He pressed it. Mr. Douglas was the author of the popular sovereignty scheme, as you all know, the authority of control of such questions must be left to the people of the States. The friends of Mr. Lincoln went to him and said, "Do not press that question; if you

insist on an answer you can never be elected to the senatorship in this country." Mr. Lincoln replied, "If Mr. Douglas answers my question, yes or no, he can never be elected President of this Nation, and I am looking for larger game." That did not mean that Mr. Lincoln was at that time looking for himself to the Presidency, because that debate was in 1858, and as late as 1859 Mr. Lincoln replied to a letter written to him by a friend about being Vice President, "I am not fit to be Vice President of the United States." Mr. Lincoln in 1858 was simply stating that if Mr. Douglas answered that question he, Mr. Douglas, could never be elected to the highest position in the gift of the people of the country. In 1859 Mr. Lincoln made that notable speech in Columbus, Ohio, one of the greatest contributions to the political literature of his day. Then in February of 1860, speaking in the heart of New York City at Cooper Union, he gave, I think, the finest type of the periodic sentence in a long speech to be found anywhere. From the standpoint of the rhetorician as a critic this long speech is a gem in American political literature. This is the meeting over which the eminent poet Bryant presided and introduced Lincoln as a "distinguished citizen of the United States." I believe, gentlemen, that the Cooper Union speech is the finest exposition of the sensitive issue, and that it was put in the most rhetorical form of any long speech in our literature, and he did it with such magnanimity. He said:

> If slavery is right, then all that the South asks we can readily grant. If slavery is wrong, then all that the North asks the South can readily grant. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise point upon which turns this whole controversy; but thinking it wrong, as we do, we can afford to leave it where it now exists by virtue of the law, but can we afford to allow it to go into new territory?

There, for the first time the real issue was presented by Mr. Lincoln; not the issue of the abolitionist, but the issue of Mr. Lincoln of the constitutional power of the Congress to control property in a Territory, which was to give rise to an organization of public opinion that was not to abate until slavery was no more. That was in 1860. In 1861, in his famous inaugural address, he said:

> Friends can make laws easier than enemies can make treaties. We must not be enemies; we must be friends. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of our affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot's grave to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as it surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.

With his keen perception of the mighty issue he was also wonderfully magnanimous.

This magnanimity that was uttered at that time had been uttered in the town of Steubenville, Ohio, a little while before, when on his way to Washington, looking across to the State of Virginia, his father's native State, he said to that concourse of people on the Ohio side:

> Only the river divides us, and you on the other side are just as sincere in your contention as we on this side.

On this trip he addressed the Legislatures of Indiana, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania, all notable speeches, teeming with evidence of his grasp of the situation facing him. When he reached Philadelphia, out in front of old Independence Hall, he said, on the occasion of raising the American Flag over the hall:

> What principle has kept our States so long together? It is not the mere fact of separation from the mother country, but it is the principle found in the Declaration of Independence, penned by the immortal Jefferson and adopted in this hall, that gave

promise not alone to the people of our own country but to all the people of all the world that ere long the weight shall be lifted from the shoulders of all men and all shall have an equal chance. Now, my fellow citizens, can the Nation be saved upon that basis? If it can and I can help to save it, I am the happiest man in it, but if it can not I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it.

That was on the 22d day of February, 1861, in the famous Independence City, out in front of Independence Hall. I mention these historical utterances, so notable and significant in their meaning, because I would like to have this body recall this wonderful ability in expression, the like of which probably is not known in any political orator or figure in our country. Why, it was none other than Prof. Bailey, a professor of rhetoric in a famous American college, who had been so charmed with the pure English of this plain statesman of the West that he sought an interview to ascertain the secret of his power. Mr. Lincoln at first expressed surprise that he had any power in utterance, but when pressed he substantially said: "Well, all I can remember is that when neighbors would come to my father's house and talk to father in language I did not understand, I would become offended, sometimes, and I would find myself going to bed that night unable to sleep. I bounded it on the north, south, east, and west until I had caught the idea, and then I said it myself, and when I said it I used the language I would use when talking to the boys on the street." Prof. Bailey said: "That is one of the most splendid educational principles I have ever received from any man." To which Mr. Lincoln expressed great surprise.

Mr. Lincoln's ability to express the English language consisted in the use of the small word. Eighty-five per cent of his words are monosyllabic. He never employed a big word when a little one would do. He never clouded his thought by a multiplicity of words. His sentences were always short and their meaning never involved. In a word, he never spoke to be heard, but always to be understood; and therefore he was not always elegant from the standpoint of the rhetorician, but wonderfully expressive. For example, he would say, "I dumped it into a hole"; but Douglas, the rhetorician, would say, "I deposited it into a cavity," which is a good deal better from the standard rule of expression. Lincoln would say, "I dug a ditch"; Douglas would say, "I excavated a channel." Lincoln said, "My defeat by Douglas in 1858 was due to bad luck; I ran at the wrong time"; Douglas said, "It was due to a strange fortuitous combination of importune contingencies that nobody could have foreseen." Here stands Stephen A. Douglas, a master of rhetoric; Abraham Lincoln, a master of logic; Stephen A. Douglas, eloquent in words; Abraham Lincoln, eloquent in thought; Stephen A. Douglas appealing to expediency; Abraham Lincoln, appealing to right. Douglas said, "I do not care whether you vote slavery up or vote it down." Lincoln said, "I care very much about what most people care most about." He turned his back upon his audience and spoke to Douglas, "Is it not a false philosophy to build a system upon the basis that you do not care anything about what most people care most about?" It was for that sentence that Mr. Douglas paid him such a tribute in three weeks after the close of those debates. Mr. Lincoln was powerful in this series of debates, and it was here that his wonderful ability as a thinker and debater was first disclosed to the public. I say to

you men of Congress that Abraham Lincoln had not an equal on the American platform in the use of pure Anglo-Saxon.

If you think that I am overstating, I have two items of evidence that any lawyer will accept as fairly conclusive. In Oxford University, England, you will hear the finest English taught and spoken of any place in the world. An American visiting this great seat of learning will be led to a corridor where can be read one of the famous letters written by this man, known to the world as unlettered, or illiterate, because he was not a collegiate, the letter to Mrs. Bixby, the mother of five sons, all of whom gave their lives for their country.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation which may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This letter, thus permanently preserved, is pronounced by the savants of Oxford as one of the finest letters of condolence ever written in our language. Note its beauty, its purity, its sublimity.

If that is not sufficient evidence, then go to the British Museum, where can be found books enough, if put on a single shelf, to reach 40 miles. Ask the authorities there what their judgment is as to the finest short speech in the English language. You will be handed at once this splendid piece of rhetoric and high mark of literary appreciation, as well as statesmanlike delivery, at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

When he finished, the orator of the day, Edward Everett, walked over to the President, took his hand, and in substance said: "Mr. President, if I could congratulate myself upon the belief that in two and a quarter hours I had been enabled to put the issue as clearly as you have done it in two and a quarter minutes, I would regard myself as a happy man."

This speech the British Museum authorities regard as one of the finest short speeches uttered in the English language. Who is this

man that he could thus speak and write? Born in a hut, of the most humble surroundings, at the age of 7 he accompanied his parents and sister into Indiana, where they lived one winter in an open camp with but three sides to it. And yet, without ever having, as a pupil, a lead pencil or a piece of paper, a slate pencil or a slate, without having gone to school but six months all told, according to his own statement, here is a man thus starting with no convenience who has reached a plane, an ability to speak the English language, not yet reached by scholars of the day. Where is the secret? I think that it might be found in the sort of books he read. What are they?

The one book with which he was quite familiar was King James's version of the Bible. I once heard Parks Cadman, pastor of the greatest Congregational Church in the world, say that Abraham Lincoln's verbal knowledge of the Bible was not equaled by the theologians. I would not state that upon my own authority, but I cite it upon his authority. He knew Shakespeare, and in the darkest hours of the Nation's life, in the midst of great depression, often when the Cabinet was in session, Mr. Lincoln would throw himself back in an armchair and quote page after page of Shakespeare, until the scholarly Seward would turn to him and say: "Why, Mr. President, our understanding has been from the beginning that you have never gone to school, and yet you quote Shakespeare as I do not, and I am regarded as somewhat of a Shakespearean scholar."

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was another book that he read. Feed a growing mind upon the English of these texts and you will have a choice of English. I concede the speeches before mentioned to be a high rank of expression, but I think the high-water mark was reached on another occasion, when looking back over four years of awful war, a period of the bitterest hatred and almost vicious calumny, on the part of his foes at least, and during which period no man's heart was bleeding more than his, he said:

> Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?
>
> Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are now in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Here is one of the finest prose poems in the literature of our language, and, in my judgment, is the highest reach in refinement of utterance we have from this remarkable leader of men not only in thought but as well in deed.

And I think of how he suffered in the White House as the head of the Nation, so distracted by civil war and he helpless to end the strife. One night he said to Frank Carpenter at the dead hour of

midnight, standing with his hands in this shape [indicating]: "Oh, Carp, Carp, what would I give to-night in exchange for this wearisome hospital of pain and woe that they call the White House for the place that is occupied by some poor boy that sleeps under the sod in a southern battle field? I can not stand this thing much longer. I have got to have some relief." When I read from Carpenter, the painter of the famous emancipation picture, I instinctively say: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chicks under her wings, but ye would not."

Oh, my dissatisfied countrymen, you who can not understand the suffering and the heartbeats, the great distress of the head of the Nation, how changed would be your attitude if you could but see him in his agony for the Nation. If we could have understood his sufferings, we would not have had the feelings of bitterness that were so often expressed. My friends, this hatred was not confined to any one section of the country, as you well know. I was rocked in a cradle over which was sung the lullaby:

Old Abe Lincoln is dead and gone.
Hurrah! Hurrah!

And I am not the only one in the State of Ohio who was taught that he was not a patriot. But when I come to look into his words and to study his acts and with regard for his magnanimity, together with his intellectuality, I can easily understand why, in the lapse of half a century, there is such universal approval now of the characteristics of that great man in all parts not only of our Nation but of the world.

I once asked one of the best editors in this country or in any other, Charles A. Dana, who knew Mr. Lincoln as perhaps no other man knew him during the period that covered the war, what he thought was Lincoln's secret of greatness. Quickly he said: "His control of men." And then he added: "If a man can not control other men, then his power is limited to what he can do alone. On the other hand, if he can control men his power is multiplied just to the number of men he controls."

In view of this theory I am not so sure but that we might possibly for a moment pause to fix our eyes upon the White House now, with reference to that quality of leadership. But this is not the place nor the hour for making comparisons. They might be misunderstood. Mr. Lincoln had that ability to differ from men and yet to win them. Note how he struggled with the great commoner, Thaddeus Stevens. When Lincoln insisted upon his method of Reconstruction, which Stevens denounced as his shorthand method, destined to swamp the American Congress by Confederate leaders, Lincoln put it in this homely way, or substantially in these terms: "Stevens, you want what I want, but we do not go after it in the same way. Concede that my policy, which you criticize, is now in its beginning to what the policy is when it is finished, as an egg is to the chicken when it is hatched, do you not think you will get that egg quicker by hatching it than by smashing it?" A homely illustration that carries in it a sound philosophy.

That is an example of the way he had of reaching Mr. Stevens. He had his own way of dealing with the leaders of the day, such men as Mr. Seward, and especially Mr. Stanton, both of whom he regarded

as the greatest Secretaries of their respective departments. In the early part of the administration the country looked upon Mr. Lincoln as a much inferior man to Mr. Seward. None knew this better than the great Secretary. This explains the strange suggestion of Seward.

He reminded Lincoln that after so long the Government was still without a policy, and said that while he did not seek it, if the President desired, he would assume the responsibility. The reply by Lincoln is historic, and discloses his rare talent to control men. The policy was forthcoming, but it was not that of any Cabinet officer. A similar instance is when he rejected Seward's proposed adjustment of the *Trent* affair and directed it himself by taking Seward's proposed plan and blue-penciling two-thirds of it as useless and dangerous. In spite of this wide difference between them, the time came when Mr. Seward said, "I know the men of my time, and I believe Mr. Lincoln was truly the best man I ever met in public life."

On the night of the second election quite a scene took place between Lincoln and Stanton. Dana said, "Whitelaw Reid came in, and I, as a matter of courtesy, withdrew and went into another room, where Stanton was. It was not long before I noticed that Stanton was quite indignant. He was walking the floor greatly disturbed. I said to him, 'What troubles you, Mr. Secretary?' and he pointed his hand through the door toward Lincoln." Dana said that Lincoln at that moment was a very comical figure. He was sitting leaning back against the wall, his legs crossed, and laughing convulsively. He had just read to Reid something from the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby, the editor and humorist of the Toledo Blade, at that time almost as popular a writer as was Mark Twain later. "Stanton noticing that he was reading Petroleum V. Nasby seemed so angry," says Mr. Dana, "that he turned to me and said, 'Look there. There sits the man around whom the heartstrings of this Nation are wrapped to-night, being amused over a damned mountebank.'" Evidently Mr. Lincoln must have heard him, for he immediately called to Mr. Stanton, "Mr Secretary, have you ever read anything written by Petroleum V. Neesby?" And Whitelaw Reid, who was sitting by, said, "Nasby; Mr. President, Nasby," when Mr. Lincoln repeated "Nasby." Mr. Stanton replied, "No; I haven't time for such buncombe." Mr. Lincoln said, "Here is some buncombe that you would enjoy." He added, "Nasby says there are three kinds of fools. There is the natural fool and the educated fool, and when you take a natural fool and try to educate him, you have a damphool." [Laughter.] Dana said Stanton did not enjoy the joke at all. [Renewed laughter.]

Mr. Stanton seemed so different from Mr. Lincoln, and people are speculating now as to whether they were friendly to one another. The difference was one of temperament. They were equally sincere and patriotic. The brusque demeanor of the Secretary was ever in sharp contrast with the childlike kindness and affectionate regard of the great President. The two men quite frequently clashed for the moment over policies. These differences usually grew out of Lincoln's pardoning habit. You will recall that Lincoln ordered some persons that had been imprisoned at Baltimore upon the charge of treason for the sale of goods to the Confederacy to be liberated, against the wishes of Stanton, and Judge Holt——

[Here the hammer fell.]

The SPEAKER. The time of the gentleman from Ohio has expired.

Mr. YOUNG of North Dakota. The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Fess] should have an extension of an hour.

Mr. WILLIS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that my colleague be allowed to proceed to the conclusion of his remarks.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Willis] asks unanimous consent that his colleague [Mr. Fess] be permitted to proceed without limit. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

Mr. FESS. Mr. Speaker, I thank you and the Members of the House for this courtesy, and I shall certainly respect it enough not to keep you very long. [Cries of "Go on!"] That gavel knocked out of my mind what I was saying. [Laughter.]

A MEMBER. You were talking about certain kinds of fools. [Laughter.]

Mr. FESS. It was the incident over in Baltimore. It was said that Judge Holt, of Kentucky, went over in confidence on the order of the President and made some arrangement to let the people out without regard to Mr. Stanton's wishes. Mr. Stanton was very much enraged, and he called Mr. Holt, a subordinate, "on the carpet"; but Judge Holt defended himself on the ground that the President had ordered him to do it. It is reported that Mr. Stanton said, "Did Lincoln order you to do that?" Holt said he did. Stanton hesitated a moment and then said, "Holt, the only thing left us is to get rid of that baboon in the White House."

That is a very serious statement to make on the floor of this House when regarded from the standpoint of the relation between chief and subordinate, but it is in the reminiscences. When the matter came to the notice of Mr. Lincoln he said, in good humor, "Did Stanton say that?" He was assured that he had; and another person speaking with him said, "I would not endure the insult." Lincoln said, "Insult? That is no insult. All he said was that I was a baboon, and that is only a matter of opinion, sir," and then added, "and the thing that concerns me most is that Stanton said it, and I find he is usually right." [Laughter and applause.]

Oh, such magnanimity, when a difference clothes itself in language of insult as well as ridicule, in such a great soul; to differ from men and still hold their respect to the last was a quality possessed in abundance by the great Lincoln.

On one occasion when Stanton chided the President for allowing a mother-in-law to impose upon him on behalf of her daughter whose husband was to be shot for desertion, in which the Secretary expressed a doubt whether the old lady really cared about the fate of the man, Mr. Lincoln replied, "It may be she did not. I did not see the lady while she was speaking. I only saw the poor young woman who was so soon to become a widow unless I interposed."

Here is but one of scores of incidents to show his magnanimous spirit to his inferior, and at the same time that beautiful temper of mercy of which many were beneficiaries.

In evidence of this power over men note this incident: A retired Presbyterian minister said to me recently, "My inspiration and success as a preacher came from Lincoln, when after I had made my report to Congress of the work of the Sanitary and Christian Commission, Mr. Lincoln said to me, 'The good God has blessed you,

young man, with power to influence men. Go on in the way you have started. Pay more attention to the hearts of men rather than to their heads.'" That became my guiding principle.

What is the secret of Mr. Lincoln's ability to control men like Seward and Stanton and Stevens, and other men who were so wonderfully different in temperament and eminently superior to him in all that went to make up modern standards? I think I can give a solution to the mystery. It is in a combination of two qualities that are usually found in leadership. The one is that wonderful fund of humor and the other is that deep sense of pathos. At one moment Mr. Lincoln would make you laugh. At another moment you would want to cry. Strange as it may seem, these seeming contradictories are generally present in the same person. If Lincoln was the most comical man in public life, he was certainly the saddest. The world tires of the person who plays on but one string.

I distinctly recall an incident that is told by Carpenter. Mr. Lincoln frequently went out here to the hospital near Washington, not simply to be in the presence of sorrow but to comfort the wounded soldiers, many of whom were dying by the inch. On one occasion he had spent a good deal of time out there—most of the day. Just as he was ready to get into the carriage to return, somebody rushed out and said to one of the men with him, "I wish you would tell the President that in a part of the hospital that he did not visit there is a Confederate soldier, and he is dying; he wants to see the President." The matter was referred to the President, and he said, "I shall go back." He excused himself for a moment, and was led back to where the Confederate soldier was lying upon the cot, and when he came to the sufferer all that he could hear the soldier say was, "I knew they were mistaken; I knew they were mistaken."

Evidently he had been told that Mr. Lincoln was the sort of a man that I had been taught he was, and he had found that he was not. When Mr. Lincoln took his hand and asked him what he could do, he said, "The surgeon says I can not get well; I do not know anybody here, and I wanted to see you before I died." When Mr. Lincoln asked him what he could do, there was something said by the poor boy in regard to what he wanted sent home, and then Mr. Lincoln stooped and took his hand in his two. The President, standing in that fashion, said, "Now, my boy, is there anything else I can do? I have been here most of the day; I am busy, and I must go." The boy said in broken tones, "Oh, I thought, if you did not mind, you might stay and see me through." And there stood the President bending over the dying soldier and copious tears dropping upon his coat sleeves.

Men of this House, that is the most beautiful picture in American history. If I were a painter and wanted to paint Lincoln, I would have to seize upon some particular moment of time, because you can not paint duration in a picture, and I would seize the moment when the President of this Nation, the mightiest Republic on earth, stooped and wept over a dying Confederate soldier, dying away from home. That is a most beautiful representation of the real Lincoln. [Applause.]

He has been misunderstood in regard to the slavery agitation. Mr. Lincoln's greatest work, gentlemen, was in the preservation of the Union. Do you not remember in 1863 what a bitter letter he

received from Horace Greeley, published in the New York Tribune as an open letter to the President, in which Greeley called him "an opportunist"? Mr. Lincoln replied to it—and I want to give you exactly his reply; and, therefore, you will allow me to read that reply. It is one of the suggestive utterances of his life. He replied:

> As to the policy I seem to be pursuing, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be the Union as it was. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the same time they could destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union and not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it.

Then he added:

> I am ready to accept new views as soon as they are proved to be true views.

I do not mean here to minimize the title of the "great emancipator." I simply mean that the one supreme purpose of his career was to preserve the Union. This does not and should not detract from his achievement as the leader who, by the stroke of his pen, lifted a race out of human chattelhood into the atmosphere of American citizenship. But that achievement was destined to take place; if not by his hand, then by another's. The institution of slavery was indicted by the civilization of the centuries and had to succumb. However, this could not be said of the preservation of the Union. The greatest single achievement in the history of civil government in the world is the preservation of republican form of government. Since the close of the Civil War this idea has spread over the world like the waters cover the sea. There is not a single country that is not feeling the mighty impulses for self-government, the finest example of which is our own Republic. In fixing Lincoln's place in history it will not be so much the emancipator of a race as the savior of a nation and republican government on the earth. Both of these accomplishments demanded the best talent of head and heart.

He had other elements of statesmanship. His heart throbs for liberty never carried him to the shoals of license. On the other hand, reverence for law was fundamental with him. On one occasion he said:

> Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools and colleges; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the Nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

When he was criticized for the appointment of Stanton, who had not supported him, a friend said to him, "Why, Stanton has not been in your favor." Mr. Lincoln said, "That is no matter. I met him down in Cincinnati in a lawsuit where I tested his mettle, and I know his power." And then the interested party said, "But you are the first President of a new party, and you would have a splendid opportunity to build up a political organization." Members of Congress listen to Lincoln in reply: "We will save the Union first and build a party out of what is left." That is another element of statesmanship, it seems to me.

On the other hand, notice the humor. May I give you an incident that Dana gave me? Lincoln was pestered with office seekers, strange to say, in that day as we are not so much (?) in this. These office seekers came from every place. One day Mr. Lincoln saw three men coming up the walk toward the White House. At the time he seemed in exceptional spirits with humor bubbling over. Lincoln was looking out of the window. He said, "Dana, look. Those three men have been here before. This is the third or fourth time they have come. They want an office. I do not know even where it is. I do not know whether it is in Missouri or Illinois. It would not make any difference whether Tom, Dick, or Harry had it. It will not pay over $180 a year." Dana urged him not to receive them, when Lincoln replied, "Oh, yes; I will receive them."

About that time the man whose duty it was to announce callers to the President came in and told him there were three men from the West who wanted to see him, and asked what he should say to them. Lincoln said, "Bring them in and let them sit down here." I wish I could tell this story as Dana told it, but I can not. Dana said the three men came in and took their seats, and Mr. Lincoln, after greeting them, said to them, "Excuse me, gentlemen, until I finish a story I was telling Dana." He had not been telling any story at all, but he began: "I think I was about 13 years old. Our fashion was to meet in Sunday school, where we would read sometimes in the Old Testament and sometimes in the New. On this particular day we were reading in the Old about the three Hebrew children. In that class we always would stand in line; the first boy would read and then the next, and if anybody made a mistake the fellow next to him would correct him, turn him down, and go up. There was one fellow in the class, about as tall as I was, who never had learned to read, and he always stood at the foot. (Just excuse me, gentlemen, in a few minutes I will be through with this.) When it came this fellow's turn to read, he read something like this, holding his finger on the page to keep the place, and reading in a loud monotonous tone, hesitating on every word: 'And — a — part — of — the — kingdom — was — to — be — ruled — over — by — by — by ——' 'Well,' said the teacher, 'read on, read on.' 'By — Meshach, —— Shadrach, —— and —— Abed-nego.' (Just excuse me, gentlemen, in a few minutes I will be through.) Then the next boy read, and then the next one, and it came around to this boy at the foot again, and the teacher said to him, 'Read that fourteenth verse.' It was the same verse. So he read the same verse again, and in the same hesitating way: 'And — a — part — of — the — kingdom — was — to — be — ruled — over — by — by — by —— well, if there don't come them same three gol durned fools again.'" [Laughter.]

The leader said, "Mr. President, we will come some time when you are not so busy." As soon as they were out Lincoln said to Dana, "Didn't we fetch 'em this time?"

If you link the quality of humor, which is always present, to the other quality of pathos, which was instinctive with him, you have the elements in combination that made him the leader of men. It would be easy to illustrate the two qualities by the great number of incidents similar to these I have mentioned in his life.

Then there are two other abiding qualities in the man that I find in my study of him that I think this House ought now to think about.

They are the fundamental qualities that make his name an increasingly important one in our history. The first one is faith in the people. I do not believe America shows in her history any man who had equal faith in the common goodness of mankind. It welled up in both word and deed upon every hand, in season and out of season. I have the greatest admiration for Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts—the man of the town meeting and one of the country's most distinguished Democrats, past or present. I have also the greatest admiration for Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, the author of the Declaration of Independence and the founder of the Democratic Party.

As a man who has lived all his life in the study of history, I have a wonderful admiration for the hold those men had upon the people, in their faith in the people. But, Members of this House, with due regard for the faith of the fathers, I think Abraham Lincoln was in the truest sense a man of the people, one among the people, and in sympathy with the people beyond any man in our history. I do not think any man can come to his shoulders in this attribute if measured by what he said, by what he did, by what he really was in that respect. When a man said to him, "The people will go wrong on this matter," he replied, "Intellectually, probably they may; morally, never." The collective wisdom expressed in morals is always better than individual wisdom. "In the multitude of counsel there is safety," said he, quoting it from the Good Book. I could give you numerous suggestions falling from his lips, expressions like these: "God must have loved the common people, for He made so many of them." "You can fool all of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time." You know people have said it was Barnum who said that. It was not. It was Lincoln. It is Lincolnian. He believed in the people. In other words, he did not think the Government was going to the bowwows if attempts were made at some innovation, or changes were inaugurated in the interest of the public. He never failed to see the distinction between an attempt to suppress public opinion and to direct public opinion. The first is unwise; the second is rational. He fearlessly indicted the cowardice of such procedure. After the fugitive-slave law was made a part of the Compromise of 1850, both of the leading platforms, Whig and Democratic, declared that the Compromise was the settlement of the slavery issue and forbade its further discussion. Lincoln knew such cowardice was like resolving the tide should cease to flow. Our business is to direct public opinion in the right channels, and not to attempt to suppress it. That was Lincolnian.

Another quality of his nature was his deep religious convictions. I do not believe we ever had any man in the presidential chair who was so profoundly religious in nature as Abraham Lincoln. Prof. Brooks, who was at the head of the educational movement in Illinois, came to him with the query, "Mr. Lincoln, we have been discussing your religious convictions." Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, what about it?" "We wondered how much time, if any, you devote to your relationship with your God." Mr. Lincoln turned to him and said, "Professor, I spend more time upon the thought of my relationship with my God than upon all other questions combined." That was Lincoln at a time when he had no reason to assert anything untrue about his belief. You will remember that when the brilliant, peerless

leader, Stonewall Jackson, was almost within reach of this Capital City, and the Cabinet was very much alarmed, Mr. Lincoln said, "The thing I fear about Stonewall Jackson is that he is a praying general; he prays before he goes into battle." A high tribute by the head of the Nation to that peerless soldier.

Mr. Lincoln had an abiding faith in God. Notice his statement at Springfield when he bade farewell to his neighbors on February 11, 1861, and called upon them to give him their prayers. Notice his statement in his first inaugural:

> Is not a firm reliance upon Him who has never yet forsaken our favored land sufficient to adjust our differences?

Notice him in his second inaugural. His judgments are righteous altogether. Hear him saying to Brooks, "I would be the veriest blockhead if I thought I could get through with a single day's business without relying upon Him who doeth all things well."

I want to say to this body of legislators, from the standpoint of a close study of the life of Mr. Lincoln, that his was the most profoundly religious nature of any of our great Presidents. Why, then, you ask, did he not belong to a church? I answer you, I hope as a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Abraham Lincoln was too great a soul to be circumscribed by the narrow denominational lines of the day in which he lived. [Applause.] I say it not in antagonism to churches, for I believe in them and I am a member of one of them. But the bitterness that was then felt between branches of the Christian church was such that it was pretty hard for a man of that great heart of his to subscribe to a good deal of this bitterness. But let no man, because of this, quote him as against religion. He was profoundly religious, and always gave his voice and influence to the things for which the church stands.

He once said:

> Show me the church which writes over its portals "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy strength of heart and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," and I will join that church.

I close with this suggestion: As Mr. Lincoln was closing his career he was more concerned about the reconstruction of the seceded States than any other one subject. He made his last speech from the Executive Mansion on the 11th of April. He spoke about reconstruction, and said that that was one of the things that had most deeply impressed his heart during all these years, and then he said, in substance:

> Let us not now enter into a controversy as to whether the States are in the Union or out of the Union. That question can only have the mischievous effect of dividing our friends. We all admit that the States are out of their practical relations with the Union. Let us strive to reinstate the relation as it existed before the war, and when that is done, then let us each one alone take pleasure, if there is any pleasure in it, in seeing whether they were ever away from home. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us not bring that up now, for it can only end in mischief.

To the South he said:

> It may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South.

That announcement was never made. Four days later the bullet of the assassin closed his lips forever, and he was not to make an

announcement on that or any other great subject. But the one situation he yearned so much to see adjusted was the preservation of the Union as it had been before 1861. His death removed the one insurmountable obstacle to the success of radical measures in reconstruction. As I once said before, his rare magnanimity, illumined by an intellect equally rare, peculiarly fitted him to pilot the ship through the rough breakers that hugged the shore of nationality as he had safely brought it through the stormy Civil War. He was broad enough to know that too much national prerogative was despotism, and too much State rights might lead to anarchy among the States. I want to say that when the bullet of the assassin laid him low the best friend the South had in authority had fallen. [Applause.] Jefferson Davis said that next to the fall of the Confederacy the death of Lincoln was the greatest stroke the South ever received.

What a beautiful thing it is to contemplate the change of attitude toward him. Fifty years ago many a child of that day in the North was rocked in the cradle over which was sung the lullaby:

Old Abe Lincoln is dead and gone,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Then the people were divided. To-day, 50 years after, our differ- [illegible] born in the heat of a great national issue that precipitated [illegible] no more. His name is spoken in reverence by a reunited Nation, whose finest product is embodied in the great war President.

His yearning for the cessation of strife was in his every impulse. When the scene of Appomattox had passed, no one was so happy over the prospects of a return to peace as he.

But in a moment of rejoicing all was changed. Another tragedy was to be added to the series of tragedies. It was not his to live to see the fruits of the war, and to so guide its reconstruction as to rebuild safely with the highest honor to all our people. No; it was his to die. He was surrounded by friends, including his official family, as his spirit went home to its God, with whom it had kept so closely throughout the dark hours of civil war.

Stanton, at the head of the bed, now virtually the head of the Nation, Seward having been attacked in his sick room, broke the silence of death when he said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

The next day the great Secretary, who had so often differed from his great chief, looked upon his face, now asleep in death, and pointing his hand toward him said, "There sleeps the mightiest man that ever ruled a nation."

It was thus left to one of his critics, who differed with and yet loved him, to pass the highest encomium upon him.

In my judgment Abraham Lincoln is the truest type of the American statesman, the broadest in comprehension, the sweetest in disposition, the deepest in humanity of secular history. And now as we are facing to-day as great problems as ever faced him in his day, let us renew our obligations to our common country by pledging ourselves in his words our last full measure of devotion in the hope that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. [Applause.]

Mr. GOULDEN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to address the House for two minutes.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent to address the House for two minutes. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. GOULDEN. Mr. Speaker, I feel that I should apologize to the House, as well as to the distinguished gentleman from Ohio, who has just completed his splendid patriotic address. Perhaps I am the only man on the floor of the House who heard Lincoln's famous speech at Gettysburg. [Applause.] That is my excuse for injecting myself at this time. By the grace of God and the will of the Speaker, nine veterans of the Civil War, six who wore the gray and three who wore the blue, all that are left of that memorable struggle, were honored by an appointment to accompany the Vice President and himself to the fiftieth anniversary of the great Battle of Gettysburg last July. While standing there on the memorable spot on which Mr. Lincoln stood 50 years before, I heard that famous speech of his. I first heard—and I can assure my colleagues that I was tired and weary—the splendid oration of Edward Everett, a brilliant speaker of that day, which lasted two hours. I knew, in my youthful impatience, I hoped that he would finish quickly so that the great war President might be heard, but he did not. He truly made a magnificent speech. I want to ask, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, how many of you can recall or could even repeat even portions of the beautiful oration of Edward Everett on that occasion, while on the other hand the brief, touching speech of President Lincoln is known to every schoolboy and every schoolgirl, not only in this country but in many others. I stood within 30 feet of the platform and heard the President. As Mr. Lincoln stepped to the front, with that pathetic, sad look upon his face, the great audience of 25,000 people started an applause loud and long. A smile went over his countenance, and when he smiled you forgot the homeliness of his rugged countenance. He then made that famous address of his, which lasted less than three minutes, making a most profound impression on his listeners, at least one-half of whom could hear him distinctly. I saw Edward Everett step over and shake his hand, but I could not hear what he said; but we are told what he did say was that he would give his two hours of effort for the three minutes of Mr. Lincoln; and he was right. That was a great occasion, upon a battle field that more than 200,000 as brave men as ever lived fought three days for what they thought was right. It was one of the greatest in the history of this or any other Nation, marked to-day by more than 500 splendid monuments.

We do well, Mr. Speaker to call to mind the deeds of our great men, those who have so greatly aided in making the Nation a world power, respected everywhere, and I think none carries with it a greater lesson of patriotic sentiment so worthy of emulation than that of the lamented martyred President of the United States—Abraham Lincoln. [Loud applause.]